Base Camp 4

Gallipoli

Dear Paris and Hilary,

I’m writing, while I’m trying to get some sleep. Thank you for writing to me. I’m sorry I didn’t write earlier. Has my sister had her baby boy yet? I can’t wait to get back and see him. But he will not be as cute as my little girl. By the way how is she, has she got over her cough yet? I hope she’s ok, she’s the second most valuable thing in my life and the first thing is you. Anyway enough of the lovey mushy stuff. Who won the footy? Hope it was Sydney. COME ON THE BLOODS!!!! Also I need to know, how’s mum going? Is she alright after dads near death experience? Hope so!!!

I arrived two weeks ago on the first fleet of men. We landed and the bombs were horrible every man was very excited but I have to say more scared. We hurried up the beaches to the cover of the rocks. We managed to only have three casualties with a gunshot to the arm and a leg blown off by a shell.

I also made a new friend, which is hard at war because everyone is very, very busy. Also people are tense which makes them hard to get along with. But I have found a friend who’s name is Joseph. He is a strange and mysterious man. Very weird....... But he has a great character. With bright blonde hair which hangs in front of his eyes, he is only a kid. But he is excited about this war which I find hard to understand.

I must also tell you about our food. It’s horrible and I wish I could come back to you and your beautiful homemade roasts. I can’t say I didn’t have much; I scoffed down 14 ANZAC Biscuits which tasted like rotten eggs!!! But strangely enough some of the men thought they were delicious. But I think that was because it was the first food they had eaten for a long time. Also the reason why I had so many was because I had been digging Trench number 4 along the eastern beach.

Last of all we were told that we were going over the trench. I heard the screams of the men who were currently going over the trench to fight. They were crying and yelling and at one stage I heard Joseph scream his daughter’s name. And I thought to myself I hope I don’t have to call Hilary’s name. I will be going over tomorrow afternoon at 0500 hours.

I love you and always will. Kiss Hilary my wonderful daughter for me and make sure she remembers me. I love you yours sincerely Derek James Williams.

P.S Even if I don’t come back, the bloke down the road has been checking you out.